Tamora. Farewell my sonnes see that you make her sure,
Nere let my hart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the *Adronicie* be made away:
Now will I hence to seeke my louely Moore,
And let my spleenefull sonnes this Trull deflowre.

Enter Aron with two of Titus sonnes.

Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast asleepe.
Quintus. My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.
Mart. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while.
Quin. What art thou fallen? what subtile hole is this,
Whose mouth is couered with rude growing briers,
Vpon whose leaues are drops of new shed blood,
As fresh as morning s dew distild on flowers,
A very fatall place it seemes to me,
Speake brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Marti. Oh brother, with the dismalst obiect,
That euer eye with sight made hart lament.
Aron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere,
That he thereby may haue a likely gesse,
How these were they that made away his brother, *Exit*
Marti. Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this vnhollow and blood stained hole.
Quint. I am surprised with an vncouth feare,
A chilling sweat oreruns my trembling ioynts,
My hart suspects more then mine eie can see.
Mart. To proue thou hast a true diuining hart,
Aron and thou looke downe into this den,
And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.
Quint. *Aron* is gone, and my compassionate hart,
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold,
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:

Oh

19. Obiect hurt,—

Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.
Martius. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to a slaughtred Lambe,
In this detested darke blood drinking pit.
Quintus. If it be darke how doost thou know tis he?
Martius. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole:
Which like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine vpon the dead mans earthly cheekes,
And shewes the ragged intrailes of this pit:
So pale did shine the Moone on Piramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood.
O brother helpe me with thy fainting hand,
If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,
Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,
As hatefull as *Oetus* misties mouth.
Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,
Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
I may be pluckt into th. swallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore *Bassianus* graue:
I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brink.
Martius. Nor I no strength to clime without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

Enter the Emperour, Aron the Moore.

Satur. Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Martius. The vnhappie sonne of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,

To

1 me who it is & all this hole